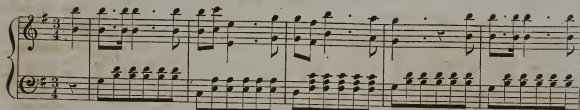


Nelson Kneass

**AUNTY BROWN**  
 BALLAD  
 COMPOSED & ARRANGED BY  
**NELSON KNEASS**  
 AND SING WITH GREAT APPLAUSE AT THE CONCERTS OF  
**KNEASS OPERA TROUPE.**  
 POETRY BY THE  
**PALE STUDENT**

*Cincinnati* PETERS, FIELD & CO. — *W.C. PETERS & CO. Louisville*



2<sup>d</sup> V.<sup>so.</sup> Her hus-band he is dead and still, Yet  
 Old Aun-ty Brown is feeble now, Her

The first vocal line is on a single staff in 3/4 time, starting with a quarter rest followed by eighth notes G4-A4, B4-A4, G4-F#4, and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with eighth notes, starting with a quarter rest followed by eighth notes G4-A4, B4-A4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter rest. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment, starting with a quarter rest followed by eighth notes F#3-G#3, A3-B3, C4-B3, A3-G#3, and a quarter rest.

he was ve-ry old, Be-fore he died he made his will And  
 hair is thin and grey It wanders o'er her wrinkled brow, And

The second vocal line is on a single staff in 3/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with eighth notes, starting with a quarter rest followed by eighth notes G4-A4, B4-A4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter rest. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment, starting with a quarter rest followed by eighth notes F#3-G#3, A3-B3, C4-B3, A3-G#3, and a quarter rest.

left her all his gold. She has no son to break her heart Nor  
there she lets it lay; She cannot knit, she can not read, Nor  
daugh - ter vain to feed, Yet one by one her days de part Un -  
dare she e - ven sew, Yet she could do them oh how well, Some  
- known to care or need  
fif - ty years a - go.

3

4

The paint is all worn off the chair  
That she has had so long,  
She bought it at an orphan's fair  
When she was young and strong,  
She used to think the most of it,  
That good old chair of yore  
In it she sewed, in it she knit  
And read her bible o'er.

Old Auntie Brown kind Auntie Brown  
How short must be thy stay,  
E'er many days thou shalt lie down  
And sleep within the clay,  
Yet still the gay will woo delight  
The mild will wonder on  
Yet thy kind deeds with holy light,  
Will shine when thou art gone.

